## A HUNTING MORNING. WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY MARTHA McCULLOCK-WILLIAMS. (Copyright, 1902, by Martha McCulloch-Williams.)

struck Rothwell fairly between wind and water. That is to say, without metaphor, between his weariness of a silly woman and his wariness of one over-bold. He half hated the pair of them-insistently they made him remember what he had come to Wake Forest hoping to forget-namely, that he was the best parti of ten years. Worldhe was the best part of the fact the fag She opened her lips as though to speak, so painfully conscious of the fact the fag end of the season had found him much in the mind to go back to his beloved globetrotting. Just then the Taplows laid violent hospitalities upon him, whisking him away in a private car to meet the spring amid the pines and yellow jessamine of their south-

The flippant new house, high-colored, many-gabled, seemed an affront to the splendid old avenue, and the riotous richness of grounds and garden run wild for so mess of grounds and garden run wild for so many years. Rothwell wondered why the Taplows had not put up something colonial —something at least decently reminiscent of the burned house, one of whose tall chimneys was still erect. Ivy and wilding wines had averaged to some the something still a something to be a superior to some the something the somet vines had overrun it so picturesquely, Mrs.
Taplow would not have it down. It was a
monument, she said, to the old times, the monument, she said, to the old times, the old owners—the only one either would ever have. Under all her gay loudness Molly Taplow had a heart of gold. She kept on doing kind things regardless of the fact that oftener than not the doing got her latter seeds het water.

into social hot water.

Thus a Taplow house party was morally certain to be a mixed affair. Missie Ware, the silly woman, made part of this one, because Molly knew in the Lenten hegira the girl had nowhere else to go; Mrs. Loudon, whom men called disrespectfully the bold Loudon, was at Wake Forest because she Loudon, was at Wake Forest because she chose instead of being chosen. A dashing widow, and rich, she had all the world before her. That ought to have hardened Molly's heart against her. In a manner Molly's neart against her. In a manner it did-still, when Mrs. Loudon said calmly: "Molly, my Lenten sacrifice is-myself, I am coming with you to save you and Will from being bored to extinction," Molly had acquiesced, and when her husband protested, had even said: "Well, Clara's maid is a treasure—it will be a comfort to have her in the house, there where one is so far from everything.

Verna Ash, truly a golden girl-yellow haired, with a million in her own right-had been asked, because Molly wanted to match her with Tregars. Tregars was a cross-grained genius of whom Molly and Taplow both expected great things if he could be persuaded to give himself the leisure and liberty of riches. The other men besides Rothwell were Dick Morton, a fortunate broker, once Taplow's college chum; Van Rensselaer Lewis, Molly's brother, with leanings to reform and holy orders, and Hugh Anstruther, a transplanted Scot, who and the furnace hearth to the control of unreckoned millions.

All had been at Wake Forest for a week before Patricia came. Patricia was to the manner born. Back in civil war times her father, Col. Rhett of the Palmetto Rifles, had saved the life of Maj. Taplow. When the major's widow, old Madame Taplow, Carolina estate she charitably resolved to plant thorns in his chosen path. To that and she resurrected the story of rescue, and subsequent languid friendliness. No Will had a taste for the impossible, they must search out the Rhetts and do them

such good turns as they might.

The quest proved distressingly easy. ad been dead ten years-so had his His son had disappeared, but there was a daughter living in lonely independence upon the plantation. It lay some thirty miles off the millionaire colony. All through the first spring Will and Molly meant to go there, but somehow never found time. Mad-ame Taplow fumed when she heard. "You her to visit you next year,"
"You cannot do less-though I know she has nothing to wear, and dare

say often not enough to eat.' of her own coming, Miss Rhett would come Wake Forest for a fortnight, bringing her own hunter. The hunter staggered the Clara Loudon laughed "No doubt she will trot out a rack of bones that can hardly step over a toad in the path," she said. "I know southerners-grandiloquent fools, all They feel if only things sound

big nothing else matters.' Everybody was out when Patricia came. rode a sleek mule, as did Betsy Patterson when she set out for the ball where was to captivate her Bonaparte. By way of further parallel, a black boy upon other mule fetched her frocks in two The footman and butler. oth much scandalized, had taken the riders for market folk, or else gypsies, and orin Patricia's voice showed them their miseven before she said: "I am Miss

whom Mrs. Taplow is expecting." was stripped from the mule and put prop-erly away before going in. It was an Ensaddle-one of Whipple's best-and to order. Patricia knew she could glad my devotion to my friends begins to ot ride as well in any other. Her mare, aby, was to be sent on next day. Rain had made the roads tremendously heavy— and since Patricia had a certain ambition to show Ruby at her best in the hunting, she had thought it best not to let the mare carry her weight through wet sands over

She had rested, drowsing deliciously af-ter her ride, then toward sundown had made herself a picture in faded pale blue china crepe and odorous pink hyacinths, And set herself at ease in a plazza nook. A lightly jutting wall angle sheltered her al eyes. Thus three of the riding party had sat down a little way off, un-

watched a play. It was, indeed, better than a play to be thus the stranger-guest ns, in her own land, and peeping into y world, to which she herself was Rothwell interested her is face was so kind and strong and cut, withal touched with impatience. Ware, who affected kittenish ways, urring, glancing outside as she spoke: I suppose it is rather nice, this ramold place, but somehow it gives me ps. I'm sure every night there is in the big magnolla under my win-Now, Whitehurst is so different," with a languishing glance at Rothwell. "Whitehurst is heavenly—I don't see how managed to stay away from it so long. The dearest place. You have not seen it?" turning on Mrs. Loudon. "It's quite like a castle—an English castle, you know—gray stone walls—with towers and tyy and all that—and, oh, peacocks screamon the terrace above the rose garden-

and the yery lovellest velvet lawns-"Paradise minus Eve," Mrs. Loudon in-terrupted, then wheeling to look full in Rothwell's eyes, "or is it the serpent who Now I think of it, it must be the serpent-we are proof positive that Eve

particularly in Lent," Rothwell said, get-ting up precipitately. Patricia's glance had gone home. He knew nothing yes, her delicately mobile face, shamed

n. for the women at his side.
"Now see what you have done, Clara! I to hear women say that sort of risque, rreligious things," Missie said peevishly as he strode away. Mrs. Loudon laughed loud. "You are a fool, Missie," she said, shrugging her fine shoulders. "And Lang-ley Rothwell is another. I wonder if he by committing all the sins rode away. "Her pap, and her granpap, heart, the spasmodic panting breath. Sud-That is the man-of-the-world and all the Rhetts before them, too, fed and deniy the dog-music fell to a mad jangle."

Patricia's glance, long and level-lidded, pose. I had thought he was above it. Depend on it he left us not because he was shocked, but simply because he did not choose to stay."

"I do not choose to stay, either. No lady ever says such a word as 'fool.' I am sure my Aunt Mary would disapprove my having you longer as a friend," Missle said, drawing her skirts about her much as a prim bantam folds its wings. Mrs. Loudon also rose, her eyes narrowed till they showbut ended by laughing a silent, cynical

Her mind was made up to marry Rothwell. His bulk and stature, his wholesome blonde comeliness appealed to her even more than his wealth and position. More than all, there was the excitement of winning him in spite of himself. She understood him well enough to know that in the outset She had dreaded nothing save another woman. Was that girl across the piazza the other woman? Rothwell had changed countenance at sight of her. She must be the native Molly had unearthed, but how did she make herself look as though she had come from the sleeping beauty's castle, instead of a remote, every-day plantation? She was individual, even distinguished. Mrs. Loudon was never weak enough to undervalue an adversary. She crossed the piazza with her finest high manner and said, holding out her hand: "You must be very brave, Miss Rhett. I said as much when Molly told us you were coming. Somehow I half hoped you would stay away" how I half hoped you would stay away."
"Indeed! Why?" Patricia asked, rising,
but overloking the proffered hand. Upright she showed lithely tall, and thin almost to angularity. Her head, clouded over with dusky hair, sat on a long neck as a rose sits on its stem. She had fine dark brows, too-so dark the violet pupils underneath gave a sense of piquant surprise. Now the violet was a sort of luminous black. Mrs. Loudon had somehow a sense that black-

ness was a danger signal.

She had prided herself upon her fine presence-Patricia overlooked her by at least three inches, and had besides something classic in poise and pose. But it was some-thing in her gaze, steady, compelling, that forbade Mrs. Loudon to speak after her wont, wholly brutal truth. To the woman of her fancy, the uncouth country girl, or prim pretentious spinster, she would have said airily: "I did not want you because I knew you would be in the way—and un-happy over it." Instead of that she answered Patricia's eyes rather than her question: "I did not know why—now I understand it was instinctive—I hated to have you make us rattlepates ashamed of

"Why not rattlepates, if one may rattle gracefully and graciously?" Patricia asked. Molly dashed out to them abject in apology. "I meant to be home—indeed I did, dear Miss Rhett-but the afternoon, and the ride were so heavenly-

"If you had come back a minute before you were ready I should be implacable," Patricia said, softly patting Molly's hand. "I love our woods in springtime so wel cannot bear to have them slighted."
"Molly, I'm positively ravenous—I shall ring for tea," Mrs. Loudon interposed. She caught up a silver lotos flower and began

striking keen chimes. Rothwell pre-empted the cushion nearest shadow it was already dusking, yet pure red light filled all the west. Patricia, fair in the shine of it, seemed somehow to make all the other women leaden. She sipped her tea, playing daintily between sips with her people were by this time more gold spoon, quite as though she had done impossible—but since Molly and it every day of her life. But when he would have brought her a fresh cup, she shook her head, saying in a half whisper: 'I drank this only because it was part of the game."

> "What game?" he asked in her own key, She smiled elfinly. "The game of money-in-idleness," she said. "I have always wanted a look in at it. Now I have to pinch myself occasionally to make sure I really am where I am."

"Come inside to the fire. The only excuse for country-house parties is sitting around a fire," Tregars said, stalking ma-jestically ahead. Molly pushed Verna Ash after him, while Taplow himself solicitousy huddled the rest inside. Somehow Hugh Anstruther caromed against Patricla as they went through the window. Anstruther had a dour face, square-jawed, with lips shutting like a vise. He had the name of never speaking to a woman if he could get around it. Naturally everybody mar-veled to see him sit down beside Patricia, burring out: "I shall doubt ye forgive my clumsiness unless ye're willing to talk to me

"Oh, did you hear how she came?" Miss Ash asked in a loud whisper. "The foot-man told my maid. Fancy! Muleback! I'm

sure she's not a proper person—"
"So am I! No woman can be a proper person, in the eyes of her sisters, who cap-tivates two most eligible men, almost in the wink of an eyelash," Tregars said, smiling grimly. Mrs. Loudon, who had been plying Miss Ash with questions, looked up at him, also smiling. "I would not ride a mule if that was the way to get to heaven," she said, leaning across to speak in Rothwell's ear. Tregars laughed. "Tell us things we She had got down, smiling a little whim-sical smile, and seen to it that her saddle twenty, could not carry you heavenward you know enough never to be a misfit."
"You mean I cannot bear to be lonesome," Mrs. Loudon said, her eyes darkling. "I am

> "Stop quarreling, you two—I am going to say things to that girl," Verna said. "If Molly has no more sense than to have her here, somebody has got to teach her her

> Tregars frowned impatiently, Mrs. Lou-Miss Ash was not to be stayed. She leaned toward Patricia, asking with a rasping accent which seemed to her tremendously superior: "Oh! Miss-er Brett, how do you crackers amuse yourselves? I believe crack-

> ers is the right name."
> "It is a name of varied application," Patricia said. Anstruther looked puzzled —he knew too little of the life about him to understand the slur. Rothwell's eyes flashed. But before he could speak the butler, still somewhat dazed, announced that dinner was served, and stared with at least a semi-human amazement to see the afternoon arrival go out to it upon his master's

Thus it all began. The end came apace. Patricia suffered more from the friends she made than the foes. That is, however, a common human experience. Molly was her slave. Taplow her stanch defender, An-struther, after the first amazing break, contented himself with staring at her from afar. Rothwell was hard hit and did not try to hide it. The other men gave her up as a puzzle. As for the other women, their hatred was so lively they had devel-oped a sisterly tolerance for each other. Tregars indeed christened them the Vengerbound. Miss Ash made him, whether of no, the Vengerbund's confidante. After each sitting he wrote down things in the notebook from which he planned one day

had something left for that desperate call. She could not quicken the stride—the ploughland held too hard. But she could and did lie down to it, stretching, stomach to evolve the great American novel.

Weather permitting, the Edgecombe pack hunted three days each week. More than half the time the meet was Wake Forest lawn. This because of caged foxes and convenience. The place lay centrally, with more than half the best runs round about it. Running full strength the pack showed twenty couple. More generally there were ten, or at the most twelve. Jack Wilsh, head huntsman, who had in a menner adopted Taplow, the pack, and his own position, was tender of his dogs, and would not let one out save in the pink of condi-tion. Taplow and the whippers-in stood equally in awe of him—he was so given to along so high and austere with everybody, it had given them quite a turn to see his slouch hat off to Patricia, and his smile of gratified pride when she praised the fettle of his charges. "Ef ever any woman-body ware bawn a-knowin' dawgs-why she ransgression market, and professing to ware!" he said, looking after her as she

bred the best that ever yelped in Cyarliner Ruby, the red-bay mare, was a clinker. The purest blood bay, her coat newly shed-ded, shone like burnished metal under dap-ples of spring sunshine. She stood almost sixteen hands, and was a pattern of bone and beauty, clean-limbed, sinewy, with a beautiful lean head, a white-starred forehead, waving silky make and streaming

as if for hunting in the shires.

"How many times has she refused you?"
Mrs. Loudon asked bitterly, inclining her

morning gallops ever since."
"Well! You have got a bad bargain—isn't it nasty to tell you so?" Rothwell said, trying to laugh: "Why did you not tell me you thought of buying? No doubt you paid

good price-but you truly got a bad horse

"I think not. He suits me-goes like the

wind, and takes whatever I set him at without checking." Mrs. Loudon said: "As to telling you—why should I bother you have

with my small concerns. Since you have

been under spell, you have made me feel that even thought of friendship between us

'You have a talent for misunderstanding

-but let that pass," Rothwell said. "What I cannot let pass is—that beast you are on. I know him of old—knew him long before he

was brought down here. He is all you say as to speed and action—when he chooses there is hardly a better hunter on top of ground. The trouble is he does not

always or often choose. He's the worst rogue possible-may carry you like a lamb

through three parts of a run then bore into a tree or fence or gatepost, and dash

out your brains."
"I suppose you mean to say he is as will-

ful as-a man." Mrs. Loudon said, laughing recklessly. "Thank you very much for telling me all about him. I bought him be-

cause-well! because I wanted a horse of superior weight and substance."

"If you will not go back for a remount at least change with me," Rothwell en-

treated. "That brown devil can outrun anything in the field today. When he runs

"Thank you for nothing-I shall keep him

"Thank you for nothing—I shall keep him straight—and ride my own line," Mrs. Loudon said meaningly, whipping ahead.

The cast-off was in the edge of a big deserted sedge-grown plantation, overgrown with clumps and blotches of tangle. The dogs found at first draw, and went away down the wind, the riders streaming after, with the view halloo ringing cheerily all about. Half an hour saw a double, with a dash to pine woods after it. There the scent lay badly upon the

it. There the scent lay badly upon the drying pine straw. It had been mistymild at daybreak, but the strengthening

unshine had brought wind underneath.

While the dogs ran in circles, picking out

the tangled scent, the Wake Forest riders, clustered upon a little clear knoll, saw the

beginning of battle. Patricia had reined up

at the knoll's farther edge. She held Ruby

lightly, barely feeling the mare's mouth, while she talked gleefully with Ned Em-

ber, a freckled lad, and barefoot, who had run away from school to follow the hunt

she half-wheeled, let fly with both hind

feet against the ribs of another horse, and as she came down, whirled completely

about, to savage her antagonist. The antagonist was big and brown, dull-eyed, but

with much white showing within the lids.

He, too, laid back both ears, and snapped

reared, and before they could be separated, struck out with the forehoofs.

"Ruby! Ruby! Shame! Shame!" Patricia cried, then solicitously to the brown's

rider: "Mrs. Loudon, I'm so sorry; Really, I deserve to be sent home in disgrace. Do

believe it is not often Ruby and I are so

you. May I get down and see if her heels

"Don't trouble yourself," Mrs. Loudon said curtly, then over her shoulder as she wheeled: "My horse, like his rider, can take

Rothwell was some little way off-still

near enough to be cognizant of the dis-turbance. He came rapidly toward Mrs.

Loudon, his, eyes anxious-just then the

pack caught scent again, gave tongue and were harked forward. After, still after,

the riders went pellmell, out of the pine woods, down a little hill, then into a

stretch of open common, bare of everything

save starveling sedge and marsh weeds,

beside the wet weather stream that cut the

spread of it in half. The stream had bog-

gy banks-altogether it made a nasty water

strained girths. Ruby the peerless, Cairn-gorm the wicked. The pack in full cry ran

wo hundred yards ahead-the mad dog

faster they went, quickening at each stroke,

emulously, though they ran twenty yards

part. Without another check the rest were hope

lessly out of it-even Jack Wirsh's keen

halloo came but faintly to the ear. The common crossed, the chase swept on

through ploughland, stoutly fenced and rising the least bit. Both horses took the the boundary fence without checking, and

together, going over it, as by one impulse,

but came to the inner fence, a hundred yards off, with Ruby leading a clear length.

Patricia gave a little gay triumphant shout as her mare rose to the leap, and once over

set Ruby galloping slantwise the dun furrows. The route was still uphill—a gentle

rise, but enough to show the straggling pack line clear against the crest. Still it

ran fast and true, giving tongue gallantly, though the hot pace was telling.

The scream of a horse, low and hoarse

made Patricia turn her head. Cairngorm,

mouth open, eyes rolling, was charging straight at her. His rider bent forward lathering him with the whip, urging the

mad brute to madder speed. As she caught Patricia's eye she shouted menacingly, "Out

of my way! Out, do you hear! Your blood

on your own head unless you clear my path!"

darkened, her hand on the rein did not shake. She knew Mrs. Loudon meant to

ride her down, trusting to her horse's su-

perior weight for her own safety. She should not do it-not if she herself and

Ruby died for it. In firm going Ruby could easily beat the brown-but what of plough-

land where she sank fetlock deep at each stride? Cairngorm, bigger, stouter, with

more driving power in quarters and stiffes, had a clear advantage there, But Ruby had

the fire and stay and spirit. Impulsively Patricia flung her weight forward, lying al-

most prone upon the mare's neck to whistle in her ear. It was fine to feel Ruby an-swer-gallantly as she had been going, she

Patricia got white to the lips, but her

jump. Two horses alone got over it clear, without scrambles, or the mischances of

patted, her eyes angry.

savagely at his assailant.

care of himself."

Something in the

was an impertinence.

as suddenly the pack went out of sight, then, all in a twinkle, dain straggled into the field of vision. Path is wondered what it meant—the ground if front, no longer rising, seemed smooth and level. A dull, distant roar, heavy and vibrant, enlightened her—the chase had struck the deep cut by which the railway slipped through the ploughland.

Pack and quarry were safely over it. No horse ever foaled of mare could leap the cut, not even coming to it fresh—how much less, then, blown, at the end of a ringing run? Patricia relied fin so sharply she brought Ruby to her haunches, half turned in her saddle and waved a warning, crying: "Mrs. Loudon! Stop! Pull up! At once! Hear the train coming!"

The dull roaring was louder, nearer. Mrs. Loudon's fees blowback that her ever held tail. Somehow she put the regular hunters, with clipped coats and niggard docked fans, quite out of court, made them seem poor and artificial. Somehow, too, Patricia's linen habit and slouch hat became her bet-ter than the other women's riding gear, if they were turned out by London shops as if for hunting in the shires

Mrs. Loudon admitted as much to herself almost despairingly. Patricia had been nineteen days at Wake Forest. They were out for what was to be her last run with the hounds. Anstruther had gone off mysteriously at daylight—Tregars never hunted. Neither did Van Lewis—he preferred to chase bugs and butterflies. Taplow was busy with the dogs—Molly had taken pos-session of Patricia. Thus Rothwell/and Dick Morton had no choice but to ride with Missie and the bold Loudon.

head toward Patricia. Rothwell laughed constrainedly: "I believe I have not quite kept count," he said, "although Anstruther advised me to do it, and quoted the Scotch proverb, 'Nineteen naysays are half a "Really! I wonder is he keeping count! It's absurd of course to say that—no wo-man will ever play with him." Mrs. Lou-don aswered: "Miss Rhett I fancy knows "Why, how do you happen to ride livery hunter today," Rothwell interrupted ir-relevantly. Mrs. Loudon gave him a sidelong look, saying:
"Is it possible you take notice of anything about me? I bought Cairgorm three days back, and have ridden him in my

Loudon's waist, drew her clear, and held her clinging and struggling, while she wheeled Ruby, checked speed and drew away from the perflous verge.

clear the cut. He even got hold for his fore feet upon the brink opposite, but the crumbling sands gave under his hoofs. He went rolling and screaming down, to lie with his neck broken before the train. It slowed up barely in time to save a wreck, after it had pushed the dead beast ten yards along the rails.

Mrs. Loudon watched his end with fascinated eyes. "You saved me from that," she said, shuddering strongly—then fainted dead away. Before she came to the rest of the hunt had come up. People from the stalled train also swarmed about her. Anstruther was one of them, Anstruther beaming like a chernly Bartela Assurther beaming like a cherub. Patricia, some little way off, was shamelessly fondling a slight, darka man has some chance to keep him straight—"

indeed, all true men, because ill-tongued folk who knew nothing said her brother, that dark lad, had spent money not his own. The lad, ye see, suffered for a fault higher up—but since he couldn't prove it he went away to work—under another name. He couldn't deny his favor, though -I knew him rightly the meenit I set eyes on the lass. Then I went to work, him I'd known these seven years. Things were straightened unco' easy; that's one good of filthy lucre. Today I went to fetch him, little dreaming what we should come upon right here. Now the lass has shown ye the mettle she's of, ye must agree, Rothwell will get a prize."

"A prize indeed," Mrs. Loudon echoed,

with a break in her voice that told An-struther many things she did not care to

The dull roaring was louder, nearer. Mrs. Loudon's face blanched, but her eyes held their deadly glitter. She tried to pull upto turn and ride down her adversary; as well might she have tried to rein fire in wind. Caringorm had the bit in his teeth he was no more appears with Ruby, but he was no more angry with Ruby, but full of deadly rage against the rider who had slashed him so cruelly. He meant to run and run until he found something high enough, stout enough to crush her. The enough, stout enough to crush her. The cut lay less than two hundred yards ahead—he would try to sweep it, fail inevitably—and fall, carrying down his rider, right in the track of the swiftly approaching train.

In a flash all this came to the two women. Mrs. Loudon, cold and sick, slacked rein and made as it to lear. That lost her

rein, and made as if to leap. That lost her all chance of saving herself—even then a rider who did not know fear might have mastered the brown. But he had all a vicious beast's contempt for a rider he could frighten. He shook himself, gave a could frighten. He shook himself, gave a louder screaming snort and swept straight on. Now he led—all of ten yards. Patricia whistled again and again. Ruby lay down to the work, straining after the brown, and gaining spare gains at each stride.

Almost upon the cut's brink she came up with him. Mrs. Loudon sat quite still—even in her fright she had been too wise to really leap. The reins swayed loosely within her nervous fingers. Patricia called to her: "Let go! Free your foot! I shall try to take you off safe!"

It was a perilous endeavor. If the horses

It was a perilous endeavor. If the horses collided, fell and rolled, all would go down to death together. If either swerved a hair's breadth, they must collide. Then there was the chance that Patricia would be dragged from her goddle by the other be dragged from her saddle by the other woman's superior weight. Still it was the only way. With set teeth, tense as a bowstring in every fiber, Patricia leant from saddle, locked her right arm about Mrs.

Cairngorm proved how perilous. With one mad, mighty, scrambling leap he tried to

browed stranger, quite ignoring Rothwell upon her other hand.

"I've been playing good fairy," Anstruther explained when Mrs. Loudon was a little recovered. "The lassie yonder," nodding toward Patricia, "was denying a true man,

'Was their engagement a happy one?'

ody else."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Colonial Premier Finds Eng-

CORONATION ECHOES

INCREASE IN NUMBER OF ECCEN-TRIC PREACHERS.

Amateur Golfers Coming to This Country-Battersea Divided as to Carnegie Library.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. LONDON, September 10, 1902.

some talk when he set out from New Zealand that he was ambitious of securing some high official position in one of the new South African colonies, and it was even stated that his friends in England were working to secure him an appointment. Nothing has come of these prognostications, and Mr. Seddon himself has preserved a most judicious reticence. Though during his sojourn in England he made no effort to please everybody, his experience has been as bad as that of the man who did. him is inexplicable. In other words, they lack the courage of their vaunted imperial ism. Sadly as those words must have fallen from Mr. Seddon's lips, they will bring com-fort to many who had feared that in Down-ing street at least Seddonism might pre-

Almost the last recommendation of the disappointed New Zealander before he left was that England should establish for the colonies a permanent council on the lines of the India council. He also recommends the members of the cabinet, especially Mr Chamberlain, to visit the colonies and learn from them the energy poor old England lacks. Lack of enterprise, says Mr. Seddon, will be the doom of England.

Aftermath of the Coronation.

Most of the vivate stands erected for the coronation procession have long disappeared, but the government officials are affording a glaring example of ineptitude with regard to the stands for which they are responsible. The houses of parliament are still hidden behind a wooden barrier and square in front is covered with the wretched weather-beaten erections. The same is true of the government offices in Whitehall, which are fronted by board fences shutting out light and air from the name in Charing Cross road, for he is putlower stories. Two men with hammers could remove most of the latter in an hour

While Londoners, however, appear to have quite reconciled themselves to the prospect of a permanent disfigurement of their streets by the retention of the coronation stands, they are, nevertheless, betraying some uneasiness over a suggestion that the old bankers' signs in Lombard be soon commenced; though on the other street should be allowed to remain as a hand the Opera Comique has already dispermanent memorial of the crowning of the appeared, and the Globe and Olympic are king. The subject, I understand, is now engaging the attention of the streets committee of the court of common council, who will, no doubt, consider how far the menot yet known, but it is almost certain morials in question can be exempted from

missive measures, respectively, in regard don ten to street signs appear to have alternated. provincia Richard II made it compulsory upon all inn-

his death the custom was abused to such an extent by the size and grotesque character of the "ale stakes." as they were then called, that an act was passed limiting them to not more than seven feet in height. Charles I again allowed the citizens of London unrestricted license as to the character of their signs, but his son, Charles II, taking advantage of the great fire, abolished the privilege altogether, and caused all trade emblems to be affixed to the face of the buildings. Eventually the practice of numbering houses having become fairly established the older and more picturesque fashion fell into general disuse.

Energetic Autograph Hunter.

The autograph collector has joined with. the journalist in hunting down the Boer generals. Hitherto, however, genuine signatures have been about as scarce as genuine interviews, but today a fair American succeeded where hundreds of Britishers have failed. In the glory of transatlantic self-confidence she invaded Horrex's Hotel and laid determined siege to the stronghold of privacy so that despite the exertions of secretaries a capitulation had to be made. General Botha was the hostage offered, and the lady retired triumphantly with his

The generals are holding quite a little court in the Strand Hotel, but admission to it is very select, indeed—this with a view The premier of New Zealand has gone back to the land of his adoption plain Mr. "Dick" Seddon, as he came. There was movements and views as to pass the bibli-cal camel through the needle's eye.

Ecclesiastical Eccentricities. London is quite deluged with ecclesiastical eccentricities. The Rev. Richard Westmore has formed a sect of non-conformist friars. The most sensational announcement, however, is that reported as made by the Rev. J. H. Smyth Pigott, who was at one time a clergyman of the Church of England. He now calls himself the pastor of the "Abode of Love" on Clapton Com-mon, and on Sunday night he proclaimed He has stirred up animosities all round and has left the mother country with his admiration for the Briton's national qualities seriously impaired. They are afflicted, he says, with a strange nervousness which to him is inexplicable. In other words, they tion was made. The reverened gentleman's "apostles" are principally elder!y ladies afflicted with religious hysteria, and apparently qualifying like Mr. Pigott for resilence in a mental sanitarium

London's Theaters.

London has more than sixty theaters-I believe the exact number is sixty-two-and about ten music halls, omitting the smaller ones, whose special object is merely to attract customers to some particular licensed premises. Of the theaters twenty-eight are to be found in central London and are usually spoken of as West End houses. More than half of the thirty odd theaters in su-burban London have been erected within the last ten years, and various views have been expressed as to the effect they will have ultimately on the strictly London theaters. Experience seems to show that they have assisted rather than injured the West End houses.

It is certain that the theaters within easy reach of the Strand and Piccadilly have never been better attended than they are just now. It is not altogether surprising to find that their number is to be increased. Sir Charles Wyndham must be more than ting up a still larger structure in St. Mar-tin's Lane only a stone's throw away. Both inside and out it will be a good looking building. The exterior is entirely of white Portland stone. The spacious interior will be a huge circle, decorated in ivory white, with hangings of Rose-Dubarry.

This is not the only central London theat-

coming down to make way for the Strand improvements. What is to be the fate of soon to be a thing of the past. Suburban London is also soon to increase the list of It is a curious circumstance that during its theaters, numerous though they already the last five centuries repressive and per- are. Mr. Mulholland, who coming to Lonyears ago as a highly successful provincial manager at Nottingham and elsewhere, was almost the pioneer of the keepers to hang out signs, but even before revival of theatrical enterprise in suburbia,

has made so great a success of the Metropole at Camberwell that he is putting up a
still larger house at Hammersmith. The
plans show seating accommodation for over
3,000 persons, and the house is to have a
sliding roof, an arrangement such as all
theaters will soon have to supply for the
comfort of the playgoing public. Notorious Battersea.

The Borough Council of Battersea, which made itself notorious by refusing to join in an address of welcome to King Edward on the projected journey through South London on the day after the postponed coronation, is now engaged in trying to make up its mind whether Mr. Carnegie's offer of f15,000 to establish branch libraries in Battersea, ought to be accepted. The library committee has by a majority recommend-ed acceptance and the council is to finally decide tomorrow. The chairman of the committee is, however, the leader of the opposition to the proposal, which consists mainly of the socialist element of the park orator type so prominent at the council board of Battersea. Mr. Lethbridge thinks board of Battersea. Mr. Lethbridge thinks it would be profanation of Battersea to take the Carnegie money. "I would not touch it with a pitchfork," he says. "Let him take it back to Pittsburg and give it to the peo-ple there. We don't want it at Battersea."

English Golfers Coming.

Notwithstanding denials that are neither official nor semi-official, I understand that a team of English amateur golfers will visit the United States next year. Negotiations have been in progress for some time, and several well-known amateurs would like to meet the golfers of America on their own links. All the most distinguished amateurs will probably not go, but the team will be sufficiently representative to give a good account of English golf. On the American side the "royal game" has been rapidly growing in favor within recent years and as England has produced better golfers than Scotland, America may even beat England. L. H. MOORE.

Handing Down Husbands. From Harper's Weekly.

The report that a recently deceased New York woman left her husband by will to another woman has been published and has attracted no little attention. It will be interesting to note the result of this testamentary disposition of a peculiar kind of personal property by one who has been supposed to have only a life interest in the premises. For the sake of establishing a precedent we should like to see the gentleman who was thus disposed of enter a demurrer to the carrying out of that particular provision of the will with which he is most concerned. It may be, of course, that he was thus devised to another of his own free will and with his consent. Still, the individual owes it to his sex to have the legality of the devisement either established or denied by the properly constituted authority. It will never do for the husbands of this land to submit tamely and without a construction of the statutes by our judicial officers to utes by our judicial officers to an alleged and newly discovered principle of law and newly discovered principle which reduces them to the level of a chattel, and which gives them no more to say as to their future than that which we ar cord to a horse, a dog, a family portrait or a mahogany bedstead. The issue may be awaited by man with calmness, for it is hardly likely that with the machinery of the law in the hands of men the decision will in any way affect his rights.

Should Women Work? From the London Chronicle.

Eyes that were meant for laughter and love,
Lips that were framed for a kiss,
Are wearly turned to heaven above,
Wondering life's amiss.
As the host drags on down Chancery lane
With never a thought to shirk
Its daily burden of toli and pain—
For women and girls must work.

Must work from morning to fall of night In air that is foul and thick, Must shun fair gardens of green delight, Must wearily click-click-click: "Dear Sir:-In reply to yours of date"— Then end with a tired jerk, And toll away till the hour be late— For women and girls must work.

For women and girls must work. Oh, the stones that are trodden by painworn feet

Oh, withered women who wake 'Mid the city's toll and mirk,

Ripans Tabules are a standard household remedy. Each tabule is an accurate dose, made separately. They are for men, women and children. They regulate the stomach, liver and bowels; keep them in a healthy condition, prevent chronic and dangerous diseases, and restore the organs to a healthy condition when they have become diseased.

For the convenience of families where the tabules are in con-

stant use they are put up in large bottles, each containing one hundred and fifty tabules. Care should be taken to observe that the bottle is securely corked and bears the trade-mark on the unbroken paper seal over the cork. The tabules should never be bought in bottles that have been tampered with. The price for the Family Bottle is sixty cents--150 doses for sixty cents.

If you cannot get a Family Bottle from your druggist, send the price, sixty cents, to the manufacturers, The Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York City, and they will send you one by return mail, postage paid.



Ripans Tabules are a most economical remedy.

to earth, in long greyhound leaps that de-voured space as flame devours stubble. Behind came the mad brown stallion, still screaming, still lashed by madder rider. Dimly through a red, blurring mist she saw her prey, the woman she hated; the woman who had crossed her path; the woman she yearned to mangle and trample out of recognition. Some such purpose, unshaped, unavowed, had been behind her purchase It had taken form quickly while Rothwell talked. Cairngorm's temper would be ex-cuse enough for any accident—nothing but cuse enough for any accident—nothing but the bay mare could live the pace with him—what so natural, therefore, as that the bay and her rider should be his victims? It was all coming around beautifully, better, quicker than she had dared hope at the outset—there was risk to herself, of course— but what was she not ready to risk for vengeance on this interiorer? vengeance on this interloper?

Patricia's heart sank as looking over her shoulder she saw the brown had gained—Ruby's lead now was less than twenty yards. Patricia felt the laborings of her